

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 499. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1878. PRICE TWOPENCE.

IS HE POPENJOY?

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER LX. THE LAST OF THE BARONESS.

AT this time, Dr. Olivia Q. Fleabody had become quite an institution in London. She had obtained full, though by no means undisputed, possession of the great hall in Marylebone Road, and was undoubtedly for the moment the Queen of the Disabilities. She lectured twice a week to crowded benches. A seat on the platform on these occasions was considered by all high-minded women to be an honour, and the body of the building was always filled by strongly-visaged spinsters and mutinous wives, who twice a week were worked up by Dr. Fleabody to a full belief that a glorious era was at hand in which women would be chosen by constituencies, would wag their heads in courts of law, would buy and sell in Capel Court, and have balances at their bankers'. It was certainly the case that Dr. Fleabody had made proselytes by the hundred, and disturbed the happiness of many fathers of families.

It may easily be conceived that all this was gall and wormwood to the Baroness Banmann. The baroness, on her arrival in London, had anticipated the success which this low-bred American female had achieved. It was not simply the honour of the thing—which was very great and would have been very dear to the baroness—but the American doctor was making a rapid fortune out of the proceeds of the hall. She had on one occasion threatened to strike lecturing, unless she were allowed a certain very large percentage on the sum taken at the doors, and the stewards

and the directors of the Institute had found themselves compelled to give way to her demands. She had consequently lodged herself magnificently at the Langham Hotel, had set up her brougham, in which she always had herself driven to the Institute, and was asked out to dinner three or four times a week; whereas the baroness was in a very poor condition. She had indeed succeeded in getting herself invited to Mr. De Baron's house, and from time to time raised a little money from those who were unfortunate enough to come in her way. But she was sensible of her own degradation, and at the same time quite assured that, as a preacher on woman's rights at large, she could teach lessons infinitely superior to anything that had come from that impudent but imbecile American.

She had undoubtedly received overtures from the directors of the Institute of whom poor Aunt Ju had for the moment been the spokeswoman, and in these overtures it had been intimated to her that the directors would be happy to remunerate her for her trouble, should the money collected at the hall enable them to do so. The baroness believed that enormous sums had been received, and was loud in assuring all her friends that this popularity had, in the first place, been produced by her own exertions. At any rate, she was resolved to seek redress at law, and at last had been advised to proceed conjointly against Aunt Ju, Lady Selina Protest, and the bald-headed old gentleman. The business had now been brought into proper form, and the trial was to take place in March.

All this was the cause of much trouble to poor Mary, and of very great vexation

to Lord George. When the feud was first becoming furious, an enormous advertisement was issued by Dr. Fleabody's friends, in which her cause was advocated and her claims recapitulated. And to this was appended a list of the nobility, gentry, and people of England, who supported the Disabilities generally and her cause in particular. Among these names, which were very numerous, appeared that of Lady George Germain. This might probably have escaped both her notice and her husband's, had not the paper been sent to her, with usual friendly zeal, by old Lady Brabazon. "Oh George," she said, "look here. What right have they to say so? I never patronised anything. I went there once when I came to London first, because Miss Mildmay asked me."

"You should not have gone," said he.

"We have had all that before, and you need not scold me again. There couldn't be any great harm in going to hear a lecture." This occurred just previous to her going down to Manor Cross—that journey which was to be made for so important an object.

Then Lord George did—just what he ought not to have done. He wrote an angry letter to Miss Fleabody, as he called her, complaining bitterly of the insertion of his wife's name. Dr. Fleabody was quite clever enough to make fresh capital out of this. She withdrew the name, explaining that she had been ordered to do so by the lady's husband, and implying that thereby additional evidence was supplied that the Disabilities of Women were absolutely crushing to the sex in England. Mary, when she saw this—and the paper did not reach her till she was at Manor Cross—was violent in her anxiety to write herself, in her own name, and disclaim all disabilities; but her husband by this time had been advised to have nothing further to do with Dr. Fleabody, and Mary was forced to keep her indignation to herself.

But worse than this followed the annoyance of the advertisement. A man came all the way down from London for the purpose of serving Lady George with a subpoena to give evidence at the trial on the part of the baroness. Lord George was up in London at the time, never having entered the house at Manor Cross, or even the park, since his visit to Italy. The consternation of the ladies may be imagined. Poor Mary was certainly not in a condition to go into a court of law, and would be less so on the day fixed for

the trial. And yet this awful document seemed to her and to her sister-in-law to be so imperative as to admit of no escape. It was in vain that Lady Sarah, with considerable circumlocution, endeavoured to explain to the messenger the true state of the case. The man could simply say that he was a messenger, and had now done his work. Looked at in any light, the thing was very terrible. Lord George might probably even yet be able to run away with her to some obscure corner of the Continent in which messengers from the queen's judges would not be able to find her; and she might perhaps bear the journey without injury. But then what would become of a baby—perhaps a Popenjoy—so born? There were many who still thought that the marquis would go before the baby came; and, in that case, the baby would at once be a Popenjoy. What a condition was this for a marchioness to be in at the moment of the birth of her eldest child! "But I don't know anything about the nasty woman!" said Mary, through her tears.

"It is such a pity that you should ever have gone," said Lady Susanna, shaking her head.

"It wasn't wicked to go," said Mary, "and I won't be scolded about it any more. You went to a lecture yourself when you were in town, and they might just as well have sent for you."

Lady Sarah promised her that she should not be scolded, and was very keen in thinking what steps had better be taken. Mary wished to run off to the Deanery at once, but was told that she had better not do so till an answer had come to the letter which was of course written by that day's post to Lord George. There were still ten days to the trial, and twenty days, by computation, to the great event. There were, of course, various letters written to Lord George. Lady Sarah wrote very sensibly, suggesting that he should go to Mr. Stokes, the family lawyer. Lady Susanna was full of the original sin of that unfortunate visit to the Disabilities. She was, however, of opinion that if Mary were concealed in a certain room at Manor Cross, which might, she thought, be sufficiently warmed and ventilated for health, the judges of the Queen's Bench would never be able to find her. The baby in that case would have been born at Manor Cross, and posterity would know nothing about the room. Mary's letter was almost hysterically miserable. She knew nothing

about the horrid people. What did they want her to say? All she had done was to go to a lecture, and to give the wicked woman a guinea. Wouldn't George come and take her away? She wouldn't care where she went. Nothing on earth should make her go up and stand before the judges. It was, she said, very cruel, and she did hope that George would come to her at once. If he didn't come she thought that she should die.

Nothing, of course, was said to the marchioness, but it was found impossible to keep the matter from Mrs. Toff. Mrs. Toff was of opinion that the bit of paper should be burned, and that no further notice should be taken of the matter at all. "If they don't go they has to pay ten pounds," said Mrs. Toff with great authority—Mrs. Toff remembering that a brother of hers, who had "forgotten himself in liquor" at the Brotherton assizes, had been fined ten pounds for not answering to his name as a jurymen. "And then they don't really have to pay it," said Mrs. Toff, who remembered also that the good-natured judge had not at last exacted the penalty. But Lady Sarah could not look at the matter in that light. She was sure that if a witness were really wanted, that witness could not escape by paying a fine.

The next morning there came a heart-rending letter from Aunt Ju. She was very sorry that Lady George should have been so troubled—but then let them think of her trouble, of her misery! She was quite sure that it would kill her—and it would certainly ruin her. That odious baroness had summoned everybody that had ever befriended her. Captain De Baron had been summoned, and the marquis, and Mrs. Montacute Jones. And the whole expense, according to Aunt Ju, would fall upon her; for it seemed to be the opinion of the lawyers that she had hired the baroness. Then she said some very severe things against the Disabilities generally. There was that woman, Fleabody, making a fortune in their hall, and would take none of this expense upon herself. She thought that such things should be left to men, who, after all, were not so mean as women—so, at least, said Aunt Ju.

And then there was new cause for wonderment. Lord Brotherton had been summoned, and would Lord Brotherton come? They all believed that he was dying, and, if so, surely he could not be

made to come. "But is it not horrible," said Lady Sasanna, "that people of rank should be made subject to such an annoyance! If anybody can summon anybody, nobody can ever be sure of herself!"

On the next morning Lord George himself came down to Brotherton, and Mary, with a carriage full of precautions, was sent in to the Deanery to meet him. The marchioness discovered that the journey was to be made, and was full of misgivings and full of enquiries. In her present condition, the mother-expectant ought not to be allowed to make any journey at all. The marchioness remembered how Sir Henry had told her, before Popenjoy was born, that all carriage exercise was bad. And why should she go to the Deanery? Who could say whether the dean would let her come away again? What a feather it would be in the dean's cap if the next Popenjoy were born at the Deanery. It was explained to her that in no other way could she see her husband. Then the poor old woman was once more loud in denouncing the misconduct of her youngest son to the head of the family.

Mary made the journey in perfect safety, and then was able to tell her father the whole story. "I never heard of anything so absurd in my life," said the dean.

"I suppose I must go, papa?"

"Not a yard."

"But won't they come and fetch me?"

"Fetch you? No."

"Does it mean nothing?"

"Very little. They won't attempt to examine half the people they have summoned. That baroness probably thinks that she will get money out of you. If the worst comes to the worst, you must send a medical certificate."

"Will that do?"

"Of course it will. When George is here we will get Dr. Loftly, and he will make it straight for us. You need not trouble yourself about it at all. Those women at Manor Cross are old enough to have known better."

Lord George came and was very angry. He quite agreed as to Dr. Loftly, who was sent for, and who did give a certificate, and who took upon himself to assure Lady George that all the judges in the land could not enforce her attendance as long as she had that certificate in her hands. But Lord George was vexed beyond measure that his wife's name should have been called in question, and could not refrain himself from a cross word or two.

"It was so imprudent you going to such a place!"

"Oh George, are we to have that all again?"

"Why shouldn't she have gone?" asked the dean.

"Are you in favour of rights of women?"

"Not particularly—though if there be any rights which they haven't got, I thoroughly wish that they might get them. I certainly don't believe in the Baroness Banmann, nor yet in Dr. Fleabody; but I don't think they could have been wrong in going in good company to hear what a crazy old woman might have to say."

"It was very foolish," said Lord George. "See what has come of it!"

"How could I tell, George? I thought you had promised that you wouldn't scold any more. Nasty fat old woman! I'm sure I didn't want to hear her." Then Lord George went back to town with the medical certificate in his pocket, and Mary, being in her present condition afraid of the authorities, was unable to stay and be happy even for one evening with her father.

During the month the Disabilities created a considerable interest throughout London, of which Dr. Fleabody reaped the full advantage. The baroness was so loud in her clamours that she forced the question of the Disabilities on the public mind generally, and the result was that the world flocked to the Institute. The baroness, as she heard of this, became louder and louder. It was not this that she wanted. Those who wished to sympathise with her should send her money—not go to the hall to hear that loud, imbecile American female! The baroness, when she desired to be little the doctor, always called her a female. And the baroness, though in truth she was not personally attractive, did contrive to surround herself with supporters, and in these days moved into comfortable lodgings in Wigmore Street. Very few were heard to speak in her favour, but they who contributed to the relief of her necessities were many. It was found to be almost impossible to escape from her without leaving some amount of money in her hands. And then, in a happy hour, she came at last across an old gentleman who did appreciate her and her wrongs. How it was that she got an introduction to Mr. Philogunac Colebs was not, I think, ever known. It is not improbable that having heard of his soft heart, his peculiar

propensities, and his wealth, she contrived to introduce herself. It was, however, suddenly understood that Mr. Philogunac Colebs, who was a bachelor and very rich, had taken her by the hand, and intended to bear all the expenses of the trial. It was after the general intimation which had been made to the world in this matter that the summons for Lady Mary had been sent down to Manor Cross.

And now in these halcyon days of March the baroness also had her brougham and was to be seen everywhere. How she did work! The attorneys, who had the case in hand, found themselves unable to secure themselves against her. She insisted on seeing the barristers, and absolutely did work her way into the chambers of that discreet junior, Mr. Stufferuff. She was full of her case, full of her coming triumph. She would teach women like Miss Julia Mildmay and Lady Selina Protest what it was to bamboozle a baroness of the Holy Roman Empire! And as for the American female—

"You'll put her pipe out," suggested Mr. Philogunac Colebs, who was not superior to a mild joke.

"Stop her from piping altogether in this contry," said the baroness, who in the midst of her wrath and zeal and labour was superior to all jokes.

Two days before that fixed for the trial there fell a great blow upon those who were interested in the matter—a blow that was heavy on Mr. Colebs but heavier still on the attorneys. The baroness had taken herself off, and when enquiries were made, it was found that she was at Madrid. Mr. Snape, one of the lawyers, was the person who first informed Mr. Colebs, and did so in a manner which clearly implied that he expected Mr. Colebs to pay the bill. Then Mr. Snape encountered a terrible disappointment, and Mr. Colebs was driven to confess his own disgrace. He had, he said, never undertaken to pay the costs of the trial, but he had, unfortunately, given the lady a thousand pounds to enable her to pay the expenses herself. Mr. Snape expostulated, and, later on, urged with much persistency, that Mr. Colebs had more than once attended in person at the office of Messrs. Snape and Cashett. But in this matter the lawyers did not prevail. They had taken their orders from the lady, and must look to the lady for payment. They who best knew Mr. Philogunac Colebs thought that he had escaped cheaply, as there had

been many fears that he should make the baroness altogether his own.

"I am so glad she has gone," said Mary, when she heard the story. "I should never have felt safe while that woman was in the country. I'm quite sure of one thing. I'll never have anything more to do with disabilities. George need not be afraid about that."

A TALK ABOUT PLACE-NAMES.

"NORMAN, and Saxon, and Dane are we;" that, and something more. If the blood of the old Vikings sometimes runs riot in our British veins, it is sobered, probably, by a few drops of Flemish blood. If Saxon and Danish elements in our composition have made us a hardy, hard-headed, practical, and go-ahead race, the Celtic ichor that stirs our pulses, has afforded us a share of ideality, and has lent us a poetic element. The truth is, that we are not, like the Jew or the Red Indian, a pure race, but, on the contrary, we combine the virtues and the vices of many races. History tells us this; but if we had no historic record to that effect, we have internal evidence of our mixed parentage, in the names of the towns, villages, hamlets, and farms that are scattered over the surface of the land. We include "farms," for it is a singular fact, that the large majority of names of farmhouses have been handed down from times previous to the Norman Conquest.

It may be confidently asserted, that all names of places have, or have once had, a meaning. The Emperor Constantine founded a new city on the site of ancient Byzantium, and commemorates the achievement by calling it, after himself, Constantinople. Some rude sailors make for themselves a temporary shelter on a newly-discovered coast, by stretching an old topsail over poles, and they call the place, in memory of the incident, "Old Topsail Inlet;" a name to be found on the North American coast, latitude thirty-four degrees forty minutes north, longitude seventy-seven degrees west. Wide as is the difference between these two examples, they at least have this in common, that each has a definite meaning.

Let us suppose a ship's crew to discover an island of large dimensions, and that in due time it is colonised by Englishmen. It is, we will suppose, previously inhabited

by a native race, having here and there towns or villages of their own. If we conjecture how the various settlements made by the colonists would be named, we shall obtain a useful clue to the solution of place-names of ancient date. Probably, some of the names would be records of incidents, or would mark the period at which the colonisation, or the original discovery, took place. Loyalty might induce the discoverers to call the island "Albert Edward's Land," or some district in it "Alexandra." This would mark the epoch of its discovery or settlement. Perhaps, near some extremity of the island, the discoverers are unable to land, are baffled and compelled to sail to another part of the coast, and they record their vexation by calling it "Cape Disappointment;" just as we have Disappointment Island, to the south of New Zealand, and Mount Disappointment, in the south of Australia, recording the baffled hopes of explorers. Or the bay from which the mariners took their departure on the homeward voyage, they might call "Farewell Bay." Similarly, again, in New Zealand and elsewhere we find Cape Farewell. All names of this class we will, for the sake of distinctness, call "Historical" names. Another name-source would be in some natural feature, or the peculiar position of some village site. For instance, a stretch of beach covered with white sand, might be called, as in an instance recorded by Herodotus, "The White Strand." A village on a hill summit commanding a fine prospect, might be called Mount Pleasant. Another placed at the foot of a precipice, might be named "Cliff-foot," or "The Rocks," or "Rock-foot," or the like. A property on a sandy soil might be called, like a village in Derbyshire, Sandiacre, or Sandiacre. Such names as this we will call "Descriptive." In other cases, no doubt the names previously assigned by the natives would be retained, and would record to all future generations, that a race existed on that island previous to the English colonisation. We have now noticed three sources of place-names; and there yet remain two more, which we may call "Home" names and "Personal" names. The recollection of the dear old homes in England would be sure to cause the colonists to reproduce their names in the land of their adoption. We might have villages called Westminster, Waterford, Bournemouth, or what not, applied altogether irrelevantly, and without any sense of fitness, but simply as

repetitions of names beloved for the sake of the old folks at home.

As for personal names, these would be sure to abound. The Englishman likes to look at his own name, even if it be but carved upon a bench in the park. How much more gratifying, then, to see a village, the home of future generations, growing up and bearing one's own name. Jackson makes a clearing in the forest and builds himself a hut (progenitor of a fine stone-built town of the future), and names it "Jackson's Clearing," "Jacksonstown," "Jacksonville," or plain "Jackson."

These five indicated sources, the names "Historical," "Descriptive," "Native," "Home," and "Personal," might be expected to supply the nomenclature of the newly-settled region. If, however, the natives were altogether nomadic, having no villages, there would, of course, be no village names. The native names would, in such a case, be confined solely to the natural features of the country.

If now we turn from theory to fact, we may observe how this theory is borne out in practice, by investigating the place-names of some country, the history of whose nomenclature we have on record. This opportunity presents itself in the case of the Holy Land, as settled by the Israelites. The names, together with the meaning of those names, are recorded for our use, and afford an excellent case in point. We will therefore take our name-sources in order, and see whether we can find examples of them in the Holy Land, as recorded in Scripture.

First, historical names. Such a word we have in Bethel, "The House of God," recording the heavenly vision beheld by Jacob; in Allon-Bachuth, "The Oak of Weeping," given to the place where Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, died and was buried; in Abel-Mizraim, "The Mourning of the Egyptians," where Jacob was buried; in Meribah, "chiding," or "strife," where the Children of Israel contended with Moses. Of descriptive names, we find Tamar, "The City of Palm-trees;" Sharon, "a plain," or "field;" Zebul, "a habitation;" Rehob, "space," or "extent." Of native names, or names given by the aborigines before the Hebrew conquest, we have Luz, Jebus (afterwards Jerusalem), and others; but in most cases it is difficult to determine with certainty which of the names date back to the Canaanite times. Of home names, from the nature of the case, we cannot expect to find instances,

as the nation which conquered and occupied the land had never possessed a home. In the early period of their history they had been nomadic, never owning any soil; and in their later history they had been strangers in a strange land, living in a degraded servitude, and little likely to wish to reproduce place-names which would remind them of the days of their bondage and ignominy. Of personal names, however, we have many instances. "Jacob's well," "The City of David," and "Dan," which was the name both of a tribe and a city, as well as of the patriarch from whom they were named.

To turn from ancient to modern history, let us examine the place-names of some country, the settlement of which is within recent memory.

First, we will take the United States. Of historical names we have many, as Georgia, named after one of our Royal Georges; Virginia, after the Virgin Queen of England; and Maryland, after Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles the First. And of names which are historical in that more limited sense which we have indicated, we find such names as Philadelphia (the city of "brotherly love") and Concord; recording the aspirations of those who fled from England, for conscience' sake. Of descriptive names we have abundance. We find Long Island, Cape Cod, Bloody Ground, Sandy Creek, Mount Pleasant, and a multitude of others. Of native names, Michigan, Missouri, Mississippi, Iowa, Minnesota, and many no less euphonious, at once recur to the mind. But after all, the home names and personal names are by far the most frequent. Places named London and York occur by the dozen, and Boston, Plymouth, Darlington, Oxford, Whitby, and very many more, carry the thoughts back across to the old home in England, and prove, even if we had not the written record, that the race who have mainly colonised the immense tract now known as the United States, sailed from the shores of the British Isles. The multitude of personal names, Washington, Greensborough, Wadesborough, Walterboro, Charlotte, &c., confirm this, if confirmation were needed.

If, turning from the United States, we investigate the names of places in the colonies of the British Empire, we shall find them derivable from similar sources, only in different proportions. In India, the vast majority of place-names will be found to be of native origin. In Australia, on the contrary, by far the larger number

will be seen to be of English, or at any rate of British origin. And the reason of this is twofold. In the first place the difference between Indian and Australian names is due to the fact that the Indian natives, previous to the British conquest of their country, were possessed of a large amount of civilisation. They had, in every direction, villages and towns of their own, which naturally retain the native names; whereas the natives of Australia were of the lowest type of barbarians, having no permanent groups of dwellings, and consequently no village names. Still, however, native Australian names do, in a great measure, cling to the natural features of the land, to the rivers and lakes more especially. But a second reason why the nomenclature of India differs so widely from that of Australia, is that we have never in any true sense colonised India. In Australia we are true colonists; in India we are not so. In Australia we have settled down, bag and baggage. Our emigrants have made it their home and the home of their children; whilst in India, on the contrary, every Briton looks to England, Scotland, or Ireland, as his home, to which he hopes eventually to return. The British occupation of India is analogous to the Roman occupation of England, and not widely different from that of the Normans. And when we come to trace the names of places in England to their founders, we shall see that, for reasons similar to those which account for the paucity of English place-names in India, the places which have Roman or Norman names are few and far between.

To enter into any general investigation of English place-names, would be too large an undertaking for the space at our disposal. We may, however, remind the reader that the Celtic race, which we regard as aboriginal in our island—since we have no historical record of any antecedent race—still retains among us its primitive speech. The Gaelic-speaking races of Ireland, the Isle of Man, the Highlands of Scotland, and Wales, are the lineal descendants of those who succumbed to the superior discipline and weapons of the Romans. They do not, it is true, speak the same language: but the affinities between, for instance, the Welsh language and that spoken by the Scottish Highlanders, are very close and obvious. Thus "Pen" signified a hill in Wales, "Ben" in Scotland. "Aber" is the mouth of a river in both languages: we have Aberyst-

with and Abergwilli in Wales; Aberdeen and Abergelly in Scotland. And this Gaelic tongue affords the only clue we possess to the meanings of many of our mountain names, and most of our river names, throughout the island. We propose, as more within our compass than any general investigation of English names, to take a small specimen district, and to examine that with some degree of care; and we have chosen for this purpose a section of central Yorkshire, viz. that around Ripon, where we shall find traces of all the nations which from time to time have occupied our land. We shall, however, find them in very different proportions. Saxon names are largely predominant, then come in order Danish, Norse (or Norwegian), Norman, Roman, and Celtic (or British).

Had the British civilisation been of a more advanced type, had they dwelt for the most part in settled abodes, there can be no doubt that the names they gave to their villages would have been—at least, in some instances—handed down. But presumably the Celts, more especially in the North, had but little acquaintance with domestic architecture, and lived in groups of temporary huts, leading a more or less nomadic life.

Besides this, the nature of the Saxon invasion was such as was likely to obliterate the few village names that existed; for their inroads were wars not merely of subjugation, but of extermination. They swept the Celtic population before them, and made a complete clearance. It is, therefore, only in the names of natural features, chiefly of hills and rivers, that we may expect to find traces of those who, so far as our knowledge goes, were the aborigines of this island. It is not unlikely, indeed, that some Celtic names of places may still survive, but so disguised by the form into which they have been moulded by subsequent occupants of the soil, as to be no longer traceable. The writer did, indeed, flatter himself that one Celtic village name survived in Wharfedale. Benrhydding, the name given to a sanatorium near Ilkley, is purely Celtic in form. That "Ben" means hill is very generally known, whilst "Rhydding" is Welsh for a ford. What could be more clear or more satisfactory? If there were any ground of suspicion it would be in the fact that the name was too correct—that it exhibited none of that abrasion which time ought to have effected in a

name, the original meaning of which had long ceased to be understood. But then there was the hill on which the village stands; and there, at its foot, the shallow river Wharfe—fordable still. The temptation to accept the Celtic origin of the word was therefore irresistible.

But, alas, a friend, who knew the place, and had known it for many years, upset the whole theory by a simple statement of facts. A "ridding" is, it seems, in that district, a name given to a field. A small farmer, whose christian-name was Benjamin, owned there a field or "ridding," which came to be spoken of as "Ben's ridding," and when the plot of ground was purchased for the site of a hydropathic establishment, the name of the field clung to the new institution. Meantime, some one of the originators—possibly a Welshman—to give an air of dignity to the name, converted it from "Ben's ridding" to "Benrhydding," thereby, whether consciously or unconsciously, laying a cunning trap for future onomatologists. This instance affords a warning of the need there is for caution—a caution for the most part too little exercised—in the interpreting of place-names.

To return, however, to Ripon and its surroundings, we may as well dispose at once of the Celtic, Roman, and Norman names; and the others—the Norse, Danish, and Saxon, which are so much more abundant, we will discuss as they occur. To find Celtic names we must make a rather wide circuit. At the entrance of Wensleydale, perhaps fifteen or twenty miles from Ripon, we find Pen-hill. The original name, no doubt, was simply "Pen," the head or hill. The Saxons, finding but not understanding the name, called it Pen-hill or Hill-hill. On the northern confines of Yorkshire we have also Penygthent, and the Penine Chain. Of river names we have, near Thirsk, the Wiske, which is scarcely corrupted from the Welsh "Uisge," water; whence we have the name of the limpid spirit whisky. Then from a Welsh root, "Rhe," rapid, we have the Rye, which flows near the beautiful ruins of Rievaulx. It is probable enough that other river names, such as Swale, Ure, Nid, Wharfe, may be of Celtic origin; but if so, they are corrupted so as to be untraceable, at least, with any certainty. As to remains of the Roman conquest, we have so few in the names of the places, as to point pretty clearly to the fact that the Roman occu-

pation was, as before said, not a colonisation, but merely a military occupation. Even the names they did assign have, for the most part, been superseded. Eboracum is now York; Isuricum is now Aldborough. Still, however, we have Catterick, the ancient Catteractonium; and we have to go as far afield as Tadcaster, to find a name marking the site of a Roman camp. One curious relic of Roman occupation we have in the name "street," still popularly given to the great north road running near Ripon, and which coincides, more or less, with the old Roman road. That "street" is the dying echo, as it were, of the Latin "strata," there can be but little doubt.

As to the Norman names, there are a few still surviving in that part of Yorkshire. Richmond speaks for itself. Rievaulx and Jervaulx, the names of two of the beautiful remains of Yorkshire abbeys, are old Norman. Rie-vaulx signifies the valley of the Rye, the pretty trout stream that runs below the abbey; and Jer-vaulx is undoubtedly a corruption of Ure-vaulx or Ure-valley, for the abbey stands in Uredale. But, for the most part, we find the Norman village names in a compound form, the name of some Norman proprietor being added on to a Saxon or Danish place-name. Thus we have Hutton Bonville, Hutton Conyers, Norton Conyers, Allerton Manleverer, Kirkby Malzeard, and others.

And now we arrive at the Saxon names, which form the staple of the place-names over the whole of the non-Celtic part of both Great Britain and Ireland. In the sample district we have chosen, as elsewhere, the Saxon names pervade the whole. And though, later on, we may have to speak of the limits of the Danish and Norse settlements, it should be understood that these settlements everywhere are mixed up with a Saxon population. The Danish settlement may exclude the Norse, but it does not exclude the Saxon element.

Again, the Norse settlement is almost free from admixture of Danish names, but is freely interspersed with Saxon. Clearly, the Saxon immigration has been by far the most complete colonisation that England has been subjected to. Even where Danish names are most plentiful, they do not exist to the exclusion of an abundant Saxon nomenclature.

These Saxon names we will consider as they occur on the map of that section of Yorkshire, which we somewhat vaguely

indicate as surrounding Ripon, together with the Norse and Danish names with which they are intermingled. Before doing so, we may notice that the present form of many place-names is very different from that which they bore at the Conquest. As a sample of change of spelling may be instanced Borrowby, near Thirsk, spelt in Domesday Book, Bergebi; and of an adjacent village of Knayton, in Domesday Book spelt Kenenetune. Again, the village of Galphay—pronounced Gárfá—near Ripon, is spelt in forty different ways, in existing documents. If we consider how Domesday Book was compiled, viz. by Norman scribes who took down each name according to the sound—for of course the spelling was not then fixed—we may suppose what a bungle they would often make of names which would sound harsh and strange, if not altogether incomprehensible in their ears. All this introduces a certain element of insecurity, in our attempts to explain the meanings of the names of places. Still, without being too dogmatic, we may assume a large proportion of them to be yet capable of explanation.

When we consider the above conditions, we may lay it down as a pretty general rule, that the sound of a place-name should have at least equal weight with the spelling in determining its meaning.

And now, taking a map of central Yorkshire in our hands, we will see what we can gather by way of sample, to show the sort of archaeological information to be gained from names of places.

In the first place, we notice that the river Ure, or Yore, in the immediate vicinity of Ripon, takes a more or less southerly course, so that we may for convenience describe the country on each bank as lying to the east and west of it. Turning first to the western bank of the river, we find the very noticeable fact that a number of the village names end in "ley." Thus we have Mickley, Azerley, Stainley, Winksley, North Leys, Grantley, Studley, Sawley. And if we pass over to the adjacent valley of the Nid, we find also Ripley, Darley, Pateley. Then turning our investigation to the eastern side of the Ure, we search miles of country without discovering a single name with this suffix. This surely is curious, and we may conclude that it is not accidental. The explanation is, that the suffix "ley" is a woodland word, supposed to signify the place where cattle "lie," the lying-down place.

The Rev. Isaac Taylor, to whom this article is largely indebted, describes "ley" as signifying a natural opening in a forest. Possibly it signifies an opening either artificial or natural—whether, in American phrase, a "clearing," or an accidental opening in the woodland. Supposing that a man, by the use of his woodman's axe, had made a clearing, we can easily suppose that he or his neighbours would be apt to call it by his name. Thus we might have Brown's, Jones's, or Robinson's Clearing. We need not, then, be surprised if we find the termination "ley" following a personal name. The same remark will equally apply to "field," and to "thwaite;" "field" being a Saxon suffix, signifying a place where trees have been "felled," and "thwaite" being a Norse suffix, also implying an opening in the forest. By the aid of these woodland names we can trace with remarkable accuracy the bounds of the ancient forest; which, in the immediate vicinity of Ripon, we shall find to be almost coincident with the course of the river—the land to the west being old forest land, and that to the east having been open country at the time of the original settlement of the nations by which the place-names were assigned.

The next broad feature of the district we are investigating is the distribution of the various colonies by which it was peopled. Here again the lines of demarcation are traceable in a remarkable manner. As before stated, the Saxon names prevail everywhere. Not so with the Danish and Norse names. Looking at the map, we find along the line of the old north road (Leeming Lane), which runs in a direction parallel with the river Ure, a number of names ending in "by," and in "thorpe"—Langthorpe, Milby, Ellinthorpe, Helperby, Leckby, Kirby Hill, Asenby, Newby, Baldersby, Ainderby, Sinderby, Melmerby, and others. Now these two suffixes, "by" and "thorpe," are distinctively Danish; and we shall find these Danish place-names, intermixed with Saxon names, covering the whole surface of the county from the east coast to the immediate vicinity of Ripon.

The tide of Danish invasion seems to have swept over the land from the east, and to have been abruptly arrested at this point. In fact, the line of demarcation will be found to coincide, very nearly, with the Leeming Lane, the old coaching road to Scotland. Westward from Ripon,

Danish names may be said to be wanting. One or two such names (of places probably settled at a later period, when the mutual hostility between Dane and Saxon had subsided), do not invalidate the broad fact that these Danish names, so general to the eastward, come to an abrupt termination at or near Ripon.

And then we find, that from the place where the Danish names cease, Norse names begin to mingle with those of Saxon origin, sparsely at first, but in increasing numbers as we go westward. Perhaps the frontier Norse names are those of the two Hewicks and Sharow, about two miles east of Ripon: in other words, we find the first Norse names where we find the last Danish. The Norse names, like the old forest, just and only just cross the river Ure. Another interesting fact is, that the Danes, coming from their level home in Jutland, occupied, as congenial to their habits, the vast level plain of York; while the mountain-loving Norseman found his home in the hilly districts of western Yorkshire. And the boundary line between the Danish and Norse settlements coincides with remarkable exactness with the termination of the level country, and the commencement of the hills. Ripon stands just on the dividing line between hill and plain. Westward from Ripon the ground begins to swell towards the not inconsiderable altitudes of Netherdale, Wensleydale, and Wharfedale; and among these uplands the emigrant from Norway reproduced in imagination the homelike scenes of his native "fjelds."

The true Dane made constant use of the terminations "by" and "thorpe." But there seems to have been another lowland-loving race which made use of "by," but not of "thorpe." This race, whatever it was, appears to have settled the coast of Cumberland, where "by" is plentiful, but "thorpe" is wanting. And the same race or tribe is traceable up the greater part of the comparatively level coast of Sweden, to the extreme north of the Gulf of Bothnia, and far within the Arctic circle, until we reach the village of Lebesby, actually standing on the verge of the frozen Northern ocean.

We have pointed out the broad features of interest suggested by the names of places. Let us now enter into a few details, and take up some of the individual names of places, omitting those

which would involve in their interpretation too large an element of conjecture. We will keep, as far as may be, to names which are a type of a class. Let us take first two Nortons, Norton-le-Clay, which lies due north of Borobridge, and Norton Conyers, due north of Ripon. The names Norton, Sutton, Easton, and Weston, prevail very widely. In a gazetteer of England, we count up no fewer than fifty-nine Nortons, ninety-three Suttons, twenty-six Eastons, and seventy-one Westons, not to speak of many other places in which the points of the compass indicate the position of the village in regard to some older settlement, such as Eastby, Northham, Southwick, and Westwick, &c. In fact, we have the last-mentioned name in the district under consideration, being that of a hamlet lying due west of Borobridge, otherwise spelt Boroughbridge. Next let us take Middleton. Middleton and Middleham are both found within a drive of Ripon. Middleton Quernbow is situated just halfway between Ripon and Thirsk; hence the name. Of Middletons, or Middletons, forty-six are named in the gazetteer. The mention of Middleton Quernbow, or Churn Hill—quern being the old spelling of churn—reminds us of a mountain name in the west of Yorkshire, where Whernside is a corruption of Quernside—the "Churn-shaped" hill. Also Quernbow, and the adjacent Howgrave, are—like the Hewicks or How-wicks before-mentioned—among the frontier Norse settlements: "how" being the Norse for a small hill. Near the last-named villages we find Skipton Bridge. Skipton is the type of a class of names derived from various animals. The letters k and h are interchangeable, Skipton and Shipton—both frequently-occurring names—being probably identical, and deriving their name from the sheep. Not far from Ripon we find Cowton and Cowthorpe, from the cow; in the east of Yorkshire, Beverley, from the beaver; and nine miles from Ripon, Swinton, from the swine. Near Skipton we have the name of Wath, a frequent place-name, and still in use in the north-country vocabulary, to signify a ford. Again, a typical name is found close to Wath, in Kirklington. Nearly all names in "ing" are the names of families or clans, of which clan names we have hundreds on record in old Saxon genealogies; among them being that of the Kirtlyngs, after whom Kirklington may have derived its title. Similarly the Myrkings seem to have left their patro-

nymic in Markington and Markingfield, south of Ripon.

Some names can only be explained by the aid of local knowledge. We may illustrate this by the name Dishforth, four miles east of Ripon. The old spelling of this name was Ditchforth. Now "forth" is usually a corruption of ford; and close to the village we find a small stream, not more than a "ditch" in compass, which is crossed on the level by the high-road, but which must in old days have been "forded" by the traveller. Hence we have Dishforth, the "Ford of the ditch." Farther south, near Borobridge, we find Branton, on a sharp declivity; the word "brant" being still in use in Cumberland to signify "steep," and north of Borobridge occurs the name of Brampton, probably a corruption of the same. These names are all presumably Norse. But we have the Saxon equivalents not far off, in Topcliffe and Roeccliffe. It would be easy, as well as tempting, to extend these remarks indefinitely, but our limits forbid. We will only call the reader's notice to two other names, Marton and Ripon. There are, south-east of Ripon, two Martons, Marton-le-Moor and Marton-cum-Grafton. If, as some assert, names including the word "mark," indicate the boundary prescribed to some race or nationality, it is interesting to inquire whether these Martons (Marktown) are instances in point. On a careful examination of the map, we shall, I think, find these names coincident with the Danish boundary at this particular locality.

As to the name Ripon, a late Latin derivation has been assigned to it, from *Ripensis*; and again another, from the bridge over the Ure, *Uri-pons*. Both these must be unhesitatingly rejected. Ripon was never a Roman station, nor is there any evidence of a Roman bridge, to say nothing of the unscientific nature of the latter derivation. There is in Denmark a village name, Ripen, from which it might be derived. But more probably it is, like Ripley—which lies to the south, near Harrogate—a personal name.

We have another Ripley in Derbyshire, and Rippenden in the West Riding. There is a personal Scandinavian name Rhyp, which may be the original of these and other names.

And now we may be permitted to dip for a moment into the heart of the Norse region, a few miles farther west, in order

to show that this was colonised from the greatest of the Norse settlements, viz. that in the Lake district. In the lakes and in the mountainous western part of Yorkshire, Norse terms are in common use. The hills are called "fells," the valleys are "gills," the waterfalls are "forces," the cliffs are "scars," the heather is "ling." Now we find among the lakes, near Basenthwaite, two closely-adjacent village names, Braithwaite and Thorntwaite. In the valley of the Nidd, some twelve miles from Ripon, we find the selfsame names, in similar proximity to each other. In Cumberland, near Ulleswater, we have Dacre and Dacre-banks, close together. In the Nidd valley we have again Dacre and Dacre-banks, a mile apart. These coincidences cannot be accidental; but rather they establish an undoubted kinsmanship between the two districts.

And now nothing we had proposed to ourselves remains, but to trace a similar connection between the place-names in Yorkshire and those in the north of Europe. In Yorkshire, we find the district of Cleveland (celebrated for its breed of coach-horses); in Norway we have the name Kleveland. The name Braithwaite has just been spoken of as that of two villages, one in Cumberland, the other in Yorkshire; in Norway we find Braathveit, the familiar thwaite being usually so written in Norway. Ten miles from Ripon stands the market-town of Thirsk, formerly Thorsk; in Norway we find the hamlet of Thorske. Near Ripon is the village of Sharow; in Norway, Skarö: "h" and "k" being, as before mentioned, interchangeable letters, the names may be regarded as identical. In the west of Yorkshire, we have Applethwaite, in Norway, Eplethvet; in Yorkshire, Lofthouse, in Norway, Lofthus; in Yorkshire, Goole and Howden, in Norway, Gool and Hovden. Again, the Yorkshire names of Milby, Starbeck, Swainby, Rogan, are reproduced in Malby and Melby, Stabek, Svenneby, and Rogn. These are but a few of many proofs which might be produced, that the home names were not forgotten by the colonisers of Yorkshire. They also show what good evidence we have, as to the places in the north from which our ancestors came. The subjects we have rather touched upon than exhausted are full of interest, and will repay much study and careful investigation. If any reader should wish to

become a student of place-names,* there is no book we can name so generally useful for the purpose, as that we have referred to in the course of this paper.

BY THE RIVERSIDE.

BLACKBURN ON STRIKE.

OF all the insignificant rivers puffed into glory by the people who congregate on their banks, the Blackburn, which gives its name to a great Lancashire manufacturing town, is perhaps the most contemptible. Other important towns have but poor streams running by them, it is true. There is the Irwell, for instance, the shabbiest and dirtiest of all possible rivers, slinking through Manchester as if ashamed of its own squalor, and the Sheaf, a minute but blustering stream which gives its name to busy Sheffield. There are the Aire and the Calder, streams so charged with dye-stuffs and other filth, that one can write one's name with their inky fluid; but none of these are quite so diminutive as the tiny stream of Blakey Moor, which debouches into the Darwen, and helps to feed the joyous flow of the Ribble. The town which takes its name from this Blackburn is, however, an important place in its way, and, as the youngest born of English centres of industry, is noteworthy enough. When I say that Blackburn is a new—an almost painfully new place—I must not be misunderstood. The townlet, parish, hundred, and shire of Blackburn, have existed from time to which the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Plantagenet England ran not to the contrary. Hard by the Roman station of Ribchester, Blackburn was a post on the great road bending northward, but in olden times never rose into prominence. Perhaps the greatest event connected with early Blackburn was the birth of the Peel family, whose home was near to the Fishergate. Since then, Blackburn has grown amain, and the old family-house of the Peels has been utterly abolished. New Blackburn has a very new air, the aspect of a place dropped down from the clouds but yesterday. All is spick and span, fresh and new, Town Hall and Exchange, churches and market. In the size and comfort of its workmen's houses, it stands before even Birmingham, and the interior of these dwellings is furnished in a style putting other factory towns to the blush. I should very much

like to ask one of those gentlemen who write interesting accounts of the improvident habits of the working classes, to take a walk with me down the clean wide streets of Blackburn, and make a call or two on some of my artisan friends there. He would find houses far beyond the ordinary rank of workmen's cottages, furnished with good solid chairs and tables, with abundant looking-glasses and crockery, and a pianoforte into the bargain. I cannot say much for the æsthetic aspirations of my Blackburn friends; their taste in carpets and wall-papers would make the Misses Garrett turn pale, and would give Mr. William Morris—poet and paper-hanger, excelling in both professions—a chill in the small of his back; but there is substantial comfort, and plenty of it.

Here, for instance, is Mrs. Sally Pickup, a "four-loomer," an admirable woman, who can make twenty-six shillings per week against her husband's twenty-two. Mrs. Pickup, now on strike, but with a little store of hard cash, and a velvet jacket, fearfully and wonderfully made, to wear in Blackburn Park on Sundays, welcomes the writer very heartily. "Eh, lad," the dame begins, "ye must be just clammed running round Town Hall, and listening to a lot o' gaumless chaps nigh frightened out their wits." The "gaumless" ones and I have been maintaining the cause of law and order by eating sandwiches and drinking champagne; but this is a detail I think it unnecessary to communicate to Mrs. Pickup, who proceeds to make tea—not from dastardly one-and-eightpenny, but from the best three-and-sixpenny article—and to cook ham and eggs, not in the best way, but after her lights. She is a worthy and a hospitable woman, with a husband who consumes twenty-five per cent. of his earnings in drink; but not a bad father of a family, as fathers go. He has a weakness for an undersized greyhound, good at coursing rabbits; and the prime cut of the joint is always for Teaser, an awkward-tempered, but fleet dog withal; while the second-best piece falls to the lot of Jet, so called because he is a pure white Pomeranian, full of pretty tricks, waltzing included. The earnings of these two excellent people hardly explain the substantial comfort of their house, and the account at the Savings Bank near The Green Cow; but as the "lasses," with their Rob Roy cloaks drawn tightly over their ears, drop in, I begin to understand the income of the Pickup family. Lizzie is a

* Words and Places, by the Rev. Isaac Taylor. Macmillan & Co.

"four-loomer," like her mother; Jenny and Polly work three looms apiece; while Tam and Jack, "half-timers," add a fair contribution to the wealth of the family. Papa Pickup thinks the "childer" eat him out of house and home; but I have a shrewd notion that that easy-going specimen of the working man makes a snug per centage out of his family, and is now enjoying the fruit of that dreary period of transition during which he, with a wife and small bairns, had enough to do to make both ends meet. Mr. and Mrs. Pickup have but one opinion on the strike, and that opinion is fortified less by arguments than reminiscences. "Why," asks Mrs. Pickup, the head of the family, "why should Greenway, who was nobbut a weaver himself, and Brownby, whose feyther was a weaver, want to put poor folk down? I mind the time when they were both poor, and now they talk about employers' interests, and capital and stuff. Since Long Strike they have put many a thousand in their pockets, and now they grudge us our share. Out of twenty-eight years of profit they have two of loss, and now they want us to share it." Thus Mrs. Pickup, with a rattle of her clogs—her very well-made clogs, by-the-way—on the floor. My entertainer is a dame with opinions of her own, having no kind of deference for her husband. I gather, indeed, from her general demeanour, that she takes small account of husbands as a body, holding them to be mainly of the "gaumless" order of beings, given to spend at least one-fourth of their earnings in beer, and taken altogether to be creatures rather to be endured than paid any particular attention to. She is a wonderful woman altogether, and a not unfavourable specimen of what our English women will come to, if they are taught to leave off considering "marriage as a profession," to earn their own living, and to exhibit those qualities of self-reliance hitherto supposed to pertain almost exclusively to the other sex. There is nothing of the clinging ivy about her, and the suggestion that her husband is in any way the stay and support of the house is treated with a sniff of scorn. All this woman-power, which I am informed does not exist in any other stratum of English society, proceeds from the very simple, but well-ascertained and demonstrated truth—that while Pickup himself cannot for the life of him earn more than two-and-twenty shillings per week, his wife has earned, for months before the strike, an

average of twenty-six. This superiority of working power, coupled with moderation in the consumption of beer, makes her a fifty per cent. more productive artisan, so far as the family exchequer is concerned, than her husband; who, good man, is overmuch given to the bowling and rabbit-coursing, which, with drinking, form the staple amusements of the locality. I have no kind of doubt that it is by Mrs. Pickup's hard work, and skill as an administratrix, that things are kept together in the Pickup household; that money is stored in the Savings Bank; that summer trips are indulged in; and that on Sunday, at least, a prime joint is on the table. During the rest of the week, so far as my experience goes, the family subsist on ham and eggs. Perhaps this uniformity of a thirst-provoking, bilious, and indigestible diet has something to do with the sallow complexions of my friends, who, being weavers, are not exposed to an unhealthy temperature when at work. I have heard a great deal of the exhausting atmosphere of a mill, but I have always found the great weaving-sheds, as they are called—in which sometimes as many as a thousand power-looms may be seen at work—excellently ventilated, and, save for the perpetual noise, comfortable enough to dwell in. Another explanation of the pallor of the operatives was furnished me by a Burnley employer, quite as rough in speech as the people whom he was denouncing. "Mill!" he roared; "dunno' believe it, lad. It's the butter. They make so much wages that they swim in butter. Lots of weavers here eat a pound and a half of butter a week. That's what makes them so sallow." I suggested mildly that perhaps these folks like bread-and-butter, adding that, although that innocent and wholesome article of nourishment was out of favour with jaded voluptuaries, my simple taste preferred bread-and-butter and the marvellously fine watercress sold at Blackburn to any other breakfast. The reply was pungent: "They don't eat it all, man alive. They cook everything in butter, swimming in butter; and here have I lost over five thousand pounds last year because the hands must live like fighting-cocks." So indignant was my friend from Burnley, that I am almost in doubt whether I am not going too far in hinting that the masters generally, and he in particular, seem also to be addicted to the scheme of existence favoured by fighting-cocks—that is to say, if these

courageous birds relish a diet of brandy-and-water during the working-hours, enlivened by plentiful libations of champagne at luncheon and dinner; the whole being solidified, as it were, by enormous quantities of broiled salmon, roast and boiled joints, poultry, and the eternal ham and eggs. Somehow he was flattered by my appreciation of Lancashire fare, and appealed to me, whether, as the employer of eight hundred hands, he was not entitled to something more than a common hand. Now this man's father was an ordinary mill-hand, and he, and his son after him, true to the saying against "rankers" in the army, have ever been hard on their work-people. Part of his statement is nevertheless true, for my friend Mrs. Pickup, with all her virtues, is a diabolical cook. Ham and eggs is the favourite food of the mill-hands, for the one reason that they are quickly and easily cooked. The dish is not a very cheap refreshment, but it has the peculiarity of being difficult to spoil altogether, and of requiring no particular preparation of the fire; and is thus suited to the hurried ways of housewives who cordially hate housework. That cooking and cleaning are hated by the female-workers is not a consequence of mere over-fatigue. It is nonsense to pretend that the work of minding power-loom for ten hours a day, with proper intervals for refreshment, is crushing toil, and that the last effort is exhausted in getting home, where every stroke of work seems irksome. Power-loom weaving is not hard work. It is looking on sharply at machinery which does the work almost entirely, save when a thread breaks, or some other hitch occurs; and is not to be compared with a day's reaping and binding, or potato-gathering, or hop-picking, or domestic work.

I will not deny for an instant that the exercise of unceasing vigilance is not work in its way, and that it is not good for women to remain on their feet for ten hours a day; but, on the other hand, the physical exertion required in minding a power-loom is of the slightest. I take it that the feeling that the day's work is done, or ought to be done, when the mill is closed, and the shawl drawn over the ears, after the curious Lancashire fashion, has something to do with the contempt for housework which prevails in the factory districts, and causes many "hands" to employ a woman to "tidy up" the house. It is also true that girls sent to the factory

at the age of ten years have scant opportunity for the study of housewifery, and thus come to regard a fire hastily built, without regard to economy of fuel, and the eternal fryingpan, as the only possible solution of the cooking question. There is no doubt that this plan is costly, wasteful, and unwholesome, and that the ham and eggs produced at considerable outlay is a very different comestible to the slice daintily broiled and served with poached eggs; but when I talk to Mrs. Pickup on this point, she puts me down very easily: "Eh, lad; thee thinks thyself mighty clever, like all the writin' chaps; but ye're poor bits of bodies at best, and know nowt of what ye're scribblin' about. Me and my old man have read lots o' stuff about French cooks, and toadstools, and frogs, soup maiger, and t' loike. Now list to me. Ye call yerselves political economists, I mind. Pretty economists, I doubt! D'ye think the poor devils of foreign women ye make such a fuss about, would be all day long stewin' and messin' with broths and trash, if they could go into weavin' shed and mind fower looms? Which makes most, think ye—t' foreign lass with her stewin', or me at my fower looms?"

This, I must add, is an extraordinarily sustained flight of eloquence for Lancashire lad or lass, the humour and character of the northern artisan being rather expressed in short utterances, such as the giving of nicknames, a trick at which he is particularly apt. So strong is the tendency to give nicknames of adhesive quality that it is sometimes difficult to find a man's real name. He is called something, and retains that name to the oblivion of his own. In the mill of a friend of mine are two lads, brothers—rare good workmen, too—whose name, as registered at their birth, is Greenwell. Neither of them is known by his proper name, this having been entirely suppressed in favour of nicknames, which are duly "answered to," and are, moreover, entered on the books. The elder brother having, at some remote period, possessed a dog singularly clever at rats, is known as Hunt; while the younger, from his skill at football, is known as Bouncer. These names are used without a smile of any kind, and are accepted as a matter of course by their owners.

In the same manner, several mills at Blackburn are known among the inhabitants by nicknames. Having occa-

sion, one dark night, to make my way to the Commercial Mills, in a part of Blackburn called, I believe, Nova Scotia, I was directed to walk straight down the Darwen Road till I saw the said mills on my right. This was all very well so far as it went, but when I found about a score of great buildings, more or less, to my right, I felt in the humiliating position of requiring further and more precise information. I must say in all truthfulness and candour, that I never was treated even on the Continent with greater kindness and civility. I was a stranger, quite alone, the night was dark, and if ever the traditional compliment to a stranger of "’arf a brick at un" could have been paid with safety, it could have been paid at that moment. People were on strike and sulky too, but I was received almost affectionately by everybody I spoke to. But the Commercial Mills were unknown. Lads and lasses gazed on me in pity, as one sent on a wild-goose chase, and looked in utter puzzlement at each other. At last I advised me of a corner grocery, kept by a sturdy black-browed dame, engaged in selling bacon over her little counter and chatting to her customer. I descended on the humble shop and asked for the Commercial Mills. I was received with a shake of the head, and the calm statement that there was no such place. Being of a mild but obstinate disposition, I insisted that something of the sort must be there or thereabouts, whereupon the grocer and her friends resolved themselves into a kind of committee and went into the case. After some discussion, these good-natured people came to the conclusion that as a stranger I must mean "big breck factory," otherwise "Eccles's," and directed me to—nay, sent a boy with me to show me the spot. It seems that, in years gone by, one Eccles had founded a brick factory on the spot now occupied by the Commercial Mills, and that the people had stuck through thick and thin to the primeval designation. There are other curious names for mills in Blackburn, some of them of witty application. A small mill of no particular pretension was dubbed "Bang the Nation," and goes by no other name. It fell, out too, that a barber, a prudent man, saved enough money to build a mill and go into the cotton trade, whereat his edifice became "Latherbox," and remained Latherbox forever. Another mill, started by an enterprising cheesemonger, was at once called "Buttertub;" but per-

haps the cleverest bit of local nomenclature was that applied to a mill built by a prosperous publican, the insinuation conveyed in "Pinchnoggin" being a thorough stroke of Lancashire humour. The odd part of all this is, that these names, like those applied to people, are accepted seriously. A "hand," on being asked where he works, replies "Pinchnoggin" or "Latherbox" without a smile.

When I paid my last visit to my Lancashire friends, they were not in laughing mood. While work was going on, they were always ready to discuss the merits of Mrs. Fawcett's theory, that over-legislation and restrictions on female labour are wrong in principle and vicious in effect; but I am bound to admit that, as a body, they accept the Ten Hours Bill and subsequent legislation in the same key heartily enough. Widows, upon whom the support of a family depends, would perhaps prefer the long old hours, that they might earn more money; but, as a rule, the women are quite as great sticklers for short hours as the men. They are quite content to begin early on the conditions of leaving off early, but they prize their evenings and their half-holiday on Saturday afternoon. Altogether they form a society from which some useful hints as to the future, when women shall work and exercise the rights of citizenship like men, may be gathered. Increased power of producing work is purchased at a certain sacrifice of the domestic virtues, and a decided weakening of parental authority. The young birds learn to fend for themselves, while yet over young, and an overturning of traditions is the result. Recent events, to which I have been witness, prove the difficulty of exercising the slightest control over the "felly-lads" or hobbledehoyes, who, with the active assistance of a few roughs, and the tacit co-operation of the adult factory hands, wrought so much mischief in North-east Lancashire, a few weeks ago. I cannot conscientiously say that, either at Blackburn or at Burnley, did I see a genuine full-grown mill-hand hurlstone or brickbat. But they looked on stolidly, if not approvingly, while the work was being done, making no attempt to discourage the fiercer and readier of the wreckers. The presence of women and children in every vast crowd of rioters, is another peculiarity of recent scenes in Lancashire. How far the feminine element thrust itself spontaneously into the press, or how far the

women were encouraged to appear, in order to act as a check upon the charges of police, or the more dreaded onslaught of infantry and cavalry, must I presume remain unknown. On the one side it is urged that the women and children were brought out by a cowardly species of foresight; on the other it is stoutly maintained that "t'lasses" could not be kept at home when a riot was to the fore, and that the "childer," being left without natural guardians, went whither they listed. Be this as it may, there was in the vast crowd which filled Blackburn market-place, on the day after the first outbreak, and among the thousands who on the same night burnt a warehouse in Burnley Wood, and utterly sacked a cotton-master's house in another direction, a great preponderance of women and boys. A leader of the workpeople tried hard to persuade me that the whole mischief was the work of "nobbut boys," and that he himself, on the previous night at Burnley Wood, had seen a "bit felly-lad" with a bag of stones in his possession, ready for the sport which commenced a couple of minutes afterwards. I gave a Burleigh-like shake of the head at this, and asked my friend why he had not taken the boy's bag of stones from him and boxed his ears. The reply was characteristic: "Ah'm nobbut a weaver. Ah'm not in the police." Now, persons like my friend the weaver cannot expect much sympathy if they are mistaken for actual rioters, even to the extent of being knocked down or ridden over by police or soldiery. They, if not mingling in the fray, "assist," to borrow a French word, in a passive way in the mischief, and have only in a tardy way exhibited any regret for what has been done. Yet they are fertile in excuses, and anxious apparently to shift the weight of iniquity from their own shoulders to those of their neighbours, in a way which reminds me curiously of a saying at a fair held near the junction of four English counties. It was not an edifying fair—in fact, the conduct of the persons gathered together was such as to lead to its suppression; but the inhabitants of the county in which it happened to be held, always insisted that all evil deeds were done by the people who came out of the other three counties, and that it was an infamous shame that their quiet town should be made a meeting-place for extraneous blackguardism.

This is precisely the argument advanced by every section of the great industrial

population stretching from hill-encircled Burnley to proud Preston, from castle-crowned Clitheroe to dreary Darwen. I have not had the advantage of probing the feelings of a native of Darwen, but I am profoundly conversant with those of other dwellers in the same district. The Preston people, who have had only the merest semblance of a riot, put down by the police at once, declare emphatically that not a soul in Preston lifted a hand against person or property. "Roughs from Blackburn" is the explanation vouchsafed to me as amply sufficient, and I am entertained with a somewhat lengthy account of sundry Blackburn men being found on the road to Preston late at night, close to the last-named town, and obviously bent on mischief. At Burnley, I am told roundly that the entire riot, saving the co-operation of the "felly-lads," always ripe for mischief, is the work of "roughs from Blackburn"—not weavers at all, but persons in other trades, taking advantage of popular excitement to indulge in their vicious propensities. These vigorous denials bring me back to Blackburn, where another leader of the working classes, when I ask him whether or not Blackburn is guilty of sending forth a rioting propaganda, and if all the blackguardism of a great industrial district is concentrated in that thriving town, replies that nothing is farther from the truth, but admits that what he is pleased to call the "residuum"—evidently a word which pleases him mightily—is tolerably thick in his native town. But he scouts the idea of a propaganda, and affirms that, for poverty, filth, and blackguardism, Blackburn is far exceeded by Burnley and Preston. "Just recollect," he adds, "what parson said to you in schoolroom yesterday—that a garrison always brings drunkenness and debauchery, and remains a focus of wickedness. Now Blackburn has had no soldiers here till now, and they are only temporary." I reply that soldiers are more easily brought into a district than gotten out of it, that nobody will ever feel safe there without soldiers again; and that, moreover, the "lasses" of Blackburn had shown no disinclination to forgather with the troops, for I had seen them with my own eyes dancing in the Royal Exchange with the Fifteenth, and flirting terribly in the cattle-market with those famous lady-killers, the Fifth Dragoon Guards and Seventeenth Lancers. "Girls," he replies gloomily, "will run after

soldiers; but it will not be for long." I am sorry to undeceive him, but it would be cruel not to tell him, the father of a family, that the tramp of the cavalry charger heard recently for the first time in Blackburn will never depart from it; that the military authorities have decided on building barracks there, and raising the old home of the Peels to the dignity of a military station. Without discussing the advantage or disadvantage of a garrison with either priest or proletarian, I am well instructed in affirming, that a permanent occupation of Blackburn has been brought upon it by its conduct during the present strike; a sad disappointment to those who had faith in the moral as well as material progress of mankind—that working out of the tiger and development of the man, recommended by Mr. Tennyson; and a mournful triumph to their opponents, who hold that the quantity of human blackguardism is constant, and only variable in its form of manifestation.

YOUR EVENINGS IN PARIS.

You are going to the Paris Exhibition, of course. You know perfectly how to employ great part of the day, but not quite the whole of it.

Whether you shave or not, whether you bathe or not, after dressing you breakfast. After breakfasting, you betake yourself to the show, exposing yourself at the said Exposition to the certainty of distraction and bewilderment. When your mind is improved and your legs fatigued, until no more improvement or fatigue are that day possible, you have recourse to "tired Nature's sweet restorer," balmy dinner, according to your taste, and perhaps still more, according to your pocket. Only, permit me to observe that extra work demands extra sustenance; and, at a cheap fixed-priced restaurant, you will run a good chance of a Barmecide feast—that is, of not dining at all, unless you adjourn immediately afterwards to some establishment where people do dine, seriously, materialistically, and absolutely. If you start for Paris, bound by vows and penalties that impose the necessity of abstinence and fasting—which, in the present instance, amounts to starvation—might you not just as well stop at home? Is not workhouse fare obtainable on this side the English Channel? But I am wandering from the point at issue. Diet is not the subject of the present lecture.

Up to the end of dinner, then, you see your way clearly. So far, it is all plain sailing. But after dinner, what? A dark dreary void. It is too soon to go to bed—though that might not be so very bad a move now and then, taking a book, to be hereafter suggested, with you—and you may have no friends residing in Paris with whom to spend your evenings. Even if you had, you could not tax them with all your evenings. Popular and essentially mixed balls and drinking-places are hardly resorts to be recommended; because, however imperfectly acquainted you may be with the language—which will often be argot or slang—current there, you are still more imperfectly acquainted with the tone and manners of that stratum of French society. The Cafés Chantants of the Champs Elysées are well enough for once, when the weather is fine and hot, but will scarcely bear frequent repetition. Strolling after dark in unfrequented and doubtful haunts, cannot be indulged in without risk. Paris is not safe at all hours and everywhere. It is not a pleasant sensation to find yourself lying on your back at the Morgue, waiting for friends to identify and claim your body. So that you might do worse than inscribe on your programme, "After dinner, to the theatre."

To dine at ease, and yet reach your seat in the theatre with a calm and tranquil spirit, undisturbed by fears, you are recommended to take your place at the Bureau de Location, or box-office, of the house, a day or two beforehand—this is particularly needful at the Opera—or at latest, if you can then find a vacant place, on the morning of the same day, on your way to the Exhibition. It costs a little more; but you avoid having to bolt your food at dinner, à l'Américaine, without chewing it, and you escape putting yourself into a perspiration preparatory to getting chilled in the evening breeze, while taking your turn as one of the joints of that excellent Parisian institution, the queue.

Another point to be determined beforehand is, what class of theatre you select for your patronage; whether grave or gay, heavy or light, serious or trifling, spectacular or intellectual. And here let me remark, as an *apropos*, that many events have produced results that were never expected from them, and which seemed to have no connection with them whatever. The Paris Exhibition of 1867 was planned for other purposes than to influence the theatre; and yet such has

been the case. The visitors took the theatres by storm, filling them with an indulgent and not over-particular public; who, if they went once or twice, out of duty, to listen to the performances of the Théâtre Français, preferred, in their heart of hearts, the féeries, or fairy spectacles, and rarely hesitated between Cinderella and the Misanthrope. Such a choice is easily accounted for.

A man must never have stirred from his own fireside, not to know how the traveller regards the theatre—namely, as a means of killing time and filling up his evening. He cannot forever lounge on the Boulevards. Paris, the inexhaustible, is soon exhausted by a non-resident explorer; and, as a last resource, he goes to the play, less through curiosity than from the want of something better to do. Worn out with the labours of his sight-seeing day, he has often hard work to keep awake. Such a spectator will be better pleased with dazzling scenery, with ballets bright with electric light, with bacchic and Offenbachic melodies, than with refined wit or a well-constructed plot. He is reduced to the condition of "the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise." But, that Exhibition over, the operettas, the féeries, and the révue, have remained, because social circumstances and railways ensure them a long run. And it is only a long run which can repay a manager, for the ten or twelve thousand pounds which such a spectacle will cost him.

If therefore you prefer legs and wings to brains, your proceedings will be delightfully simple. Your place being secured, you can dine at ease. If you miss the first act, the loss is not great; subsequent tableaux are sure to be more splendid. When once arrived at the theatre, it may be better to defer sleeping till you creep between the sheets, in order to get your money's worth; but if you indulge in a doze, it is of little consequence. When you wake up, you will understand what is going on, just as well as if your attention to what preceded had been unremitting from first to last. When a certain portion of the audience walk out for a breath of air and a bock of beer, you will guess that it is an entr'acte, or interval, to give the dancers time to change short petticoats for others shorter still. When all and everybody go out at once, after a grand flare-up called an apothéose, you may conclude that the performance is ended, and can wend your weary way to your hotel.

But if you can brace up your intellect to the point of wishing to see what good French acting is like, you will take your exhibitioning quietly that day, going later and leaving a little earlier than usual. As you probably read and even speak French with greater facility than you understand it spoken, as soon as you know what is to be given at the Français—whether one of Molière's masterpieces, or one of Alfred de Musset's depressing comedies; perhaps both—you are advised to procure the text and carefully peruse it the previous evening, while reclining in your chamber, before dropping off to your well-earned night's rest. This is far better than taking the book to the play, to follow the actors—which may be a good lesson, but hardly an entertainment. And not only is it desirable to make this preliminary acquaintance with the pieces to be performed, but, really to profit by the French theatre, other books should be consulted before your visit to Paris; and, though tolerably numerous, they are not heavy reading.

To appreciate their value, we have only to consider what a treasure-trove it would be, could we disinter a few Greek and Latin newspaper records by contemporary critics, of special performances of tragedies by Sophocles, or comedies by Terence. They would enlighten us about many interesting details, now hopelessly engulfed in the abyss of past time. The learned have much to learn respecting those matters, while the unlearned have to submit to a provoking lack both of knowledge and of the means of getting at that knowledge.

Our posterity will not have to make the same complaint in regard to theatricals at the present epoch, and especially as to what is occurring on the French stage. With our neighbours, the theatre is an institution, claiming to be seriously considered, both from an artistic and a social point of view. To meet those claims, there have risen up authors who, in consequence of their signing their articles—which are not printed in the body of the newspaper, but at the bottom of the page, as *feuilletons*—are completely detached from the editorial "we," and assume, and are allowed to wield, a distinct individual authority. It may be added that most of those writers are very able, have the subject at their fingers'-ends, and are impartial as far as it is possible to be so, in matters dependent on opinion and taste. Indeed, were they otherwise, they would

soon have to abdicate their position. Their criticisms, consequently, are written in good faith, with reasons alleged for the judgment given. There is an evident desire to render justice. The reader may differ from the opinion expressed, but he will rarely have to complain either of the writer's unfairness or his incapacity. All men do not worship the same idols. The essential point required is that a criticism should be sincere, and not pronounced without good show of reasonable conviction.

A proof of the value and interest attached to these theatrical feuillets is that they are often republished in volumes, which will be curious reading fifty years hence. If the player's object, both at first and now, was and is to show the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure, the chronicles recording such manifestations render permanent the actor's fleeting and transitory pictures.

To indicate only a few reprints of dramatic gossip; there is *Les Premières Représentations Célèbres*—*Celebrated First Performances*—by Charles Monselet, the gentleman who, returning from a dull tragedy on Cleopatra's death, said: "I am quite of the asp's opinion." Another compilation, derived from sundry sources, is the *Histoire Anecdotique de la Collaboration au Théâtre*—*The Anecdotal History of Dramatic Pieces written in Partnership*—an interesting and curious book, recording how two heads, and sometimes more, have laboured at the same production. In company with M. A. Burtal, M. Goizet has also published his *Dictionnaire Universel du Théâtre*, a most accurate encyclopædia of matters relating to French dramatic art. Another collection of articles rescued from dispersion as waste-newspaper, is *La Vie Moderne au Théâtre*—*Modern Life on the Stage*—by M. Jules Claretie, of the *Opinion Nationale* daily journal, and himself a dramatic author, who treats his subject seriously as well as good-humouredly, regarding theatres as something more than mere places of amusement, never looking at them from an Alhambra or Cremorne point of view, and speaking of actors as if they had some higher task than to make women cry or bumpkins laugh. He even discusses their professional duties—what they may, and what they may not do.

Thus, an agency had been set up in Paris, which undertook to provide for private theatricals, exactly as there are others which supply actors to provincial theatres. Persons who wish to vary the

attractions of their evening parties could find there dramatic artists who, for a consideration, consented to perform at the house of anybody who would pay them. It was Thespis's waggon transformed into a cab, and placed at your service at so much per hour. But the Committee of the Comédie-Française—a company of actors enjoying special privileges and governed by peculiar rules of partnership—cut the matter short by forbidding any of their body, under penalty of a fine, to act for hire at private houses. The decision was not received without protest; and yet nothing could be more just or logical. The Théâtre Français, a theatre subsidised by the State, pays its artists for performing in the Rue Richelieu the pieces accepted by its committee, and not for running here and there at their own discretion. It has all the more right to be jealous of any wasteful dispersion of their faculties, because these "ordinary comedians"—lately of the emperor, previously of the king—are in reality the ordinary comedians of France, assisted by the public money. Nor should it be forgotten that the question of partnership was of some importance. By multiplying himself in this way, an actor runs the risk of weakening his powers, and consequently of lessening, by his extra work, the profits of the community. On our own stage, it may be questioned whether two performances, afternoon and evening, in one day, do not deteriorate the quality of each representation.

Then there is the moral aspect of the question, which, because it concerns the comedian's dignity, deserves serious consideration. The dramatic artist, the well-conducted actor or singer, has long since got the better of the stupid prejudice which excluded him from society. In that respect, his cause is gained. During a few hours only, the footlights separate him from the public; after which, the paint once washed off his face and the peruke laid aside, he mingles with the crowd, and is only distinguished from it when he can show himself superior to the ordinary run of men. In long bygone days, a Roman senator could not cross a comedian's threshold, nor a chevalier accompany an actor in the street. Three revolutions have occurred since the time when Frenchmen were obliged to hurry away Molière's body to the Cimetière St. Jacques, throwing money all the way to the mob howling at the excommunicated corpse; '89 raised French actors from slavery and made them

men; '30 promoted them to the rank of electors; '48 did better, rendering them eligible candidates. A French actor, now, is a citizen. You may hiss him, if he be a bad actor, so long as he is upon the stage; in the street, if he be a worthy man, you take off your hat to him. Nevertheless, the actors themselves show little wish to take part in the movement. They mostly live apart amongst themselves, cut off from the progress of ideas.

To excuse, as well as account for their exclusiveness, it should be remembered that, in many cases, artists are invited for the sake of hearing them cheaply. For a glass of negus or a cup of tea, you get a gem from an opera or a dramatic scene. It cannot be denied that this is often how and why the pleasure of an actor's or singer's company is requested. But a distinction ought assuredly to be drawn between the artist and the man. A lady who invited Chopin the pianist to dinner, with the intention of getting "a piece" out of him in that way, on his gently excusing himself, had the brutality to intimate that, as he had had his meal, she expected his music. Chopin replied, "Oh madame, I ate so little!" and almost immediately took his departure.

There is one bad example you are not likely to imitate; nevertheless I will point it out. French dramatists and novelists fill their works so chokeful of duels, that it is hardly a paradox to state that theatrical duels are the cause of duels in ordinary life. By seeing them so frequently in literary productions, people get to consider them as natural events and matters of course. Dramatis personæ fight with such prodigious facility, that a spectator of this picture of Parisian society might conclude that it comprises a considerable percentage of bullies. Nor indeed would the suspicion be absolutely unfounded, if the debates in the Chamber of Deputies are correctly reported.

GEORGIE'S WOOER.

A STORY IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT a change sudden illness brings into a household!

Everyone moves softly about, the doors are opened and shut noiselessly, the very domestic animals seem to know something is wrong, and go about in a depressed, spiritless manner, that shows their subtle sympathy with their human friends. All the happy clatter that is to be heard in

every household now and again, where healthy little ones run riot at privileged times, is hushed; and if the sound of a child's voice breaks the quietude, it is quickly silenced by some watchful authority. Nay, even the very rooms seem to share the general disconsolateness, for deft fingers that have been wont to renew the groups of flowers here and there have other work to do now, and drooping blossoms fill the vases once so fair to see.

All these changes came to pass at Beach House after the day when Dr. Babbiecomb brought home the "house-father," stricken down by sore sickness.

On the morrow of that sunny day that had, for all its outer brightness, been so sad a one for Georgie Hammond, Captain Ainsleigh paid a hurried visit to Beach House. Georgie's father was asleep after a restless night, and she stole down to speak to Douglas, not knowing it was to say good-bye.

Of the pity and the love that wrestled in Douglas Ainsleigh's heart for mastery, and strove to escape from his lips in words of passionate tenderness; of the longing that he felt to clasp the girl in his arms, and kiss the weary eyes and sorrowful lips, it is of little use to tell; for, looking in her troubled face, he felt that hour would be ill-timed indeed to plead a lover's cause, when every thought of her heart was absorbed in the bitter grief that had come upon her.

Even as she stood beside him at the window, he could see she was listening with painful intentness for the slightest sound in the room above; and though Douglas told her with cruel abruptness of his own departure, she seemed hardly to realise the meaning of his words, nor did the long clasp in which he held her hand at parting, bring even the faintest tinge of colour to her cheek, to tell if the loving pressure awakened an echo in her own heart.

"My mother will come to you to-day or to-morrow; she feels so deeply for you in your troubles, and I know no one who has the art of bringing comfort so well. You won't let any thought of the short time you have known her keep you from taking what comfort you can from her, will you?" he said, at last letting the little cold fingers go.

"Oh no," said Georgie; "one feels the comfort of anyone's kindness at a time like this. I'm sure, Captain Ainsleigh, I never can forget yours!"

"Anyone!" that was not what he

wanted; he wanted himself and his belongings to stand out in clear relief from all other earthly beings for Georgie Hammond. Thus he parted from her in that irritable, dissatisfied state of mind and temper which is the twin-sister of love in its dawning; and he left Beach House with bitterness in his heart, and almost resentment against the girl whom he loved with every fibre of his being! He accused her of coldness—of a want of gratitude—of any failing you like to name, in fact—for the time being; and yet, when he came to the corner of the road where a few more steps would hide the windows of the quaint old house away from him, he stood a moment and looked back, while a thought arose in his heart that if it had been clothed in words, would have run thus:

"Heaven bless and keep my darling while I am away from her!"

An hour later he was posting to Collingford, with Mason, his soldier-servant, whose melancholy countenance showed how unwillingly he had left the delights of the Fern Leigh establishment for the unpleasant discipline of garrison life. Mason pitied himself, and he also pitied his master, and with more understanding of the thoughtful look upon his face than perhaps his master would have approved.

There is one respect in which I think men and women are very different. If a woman loves a man, she likes to talk about him; she even finds fault with him occasionally, in order to hear others defend him—anything sooner than not hear his name at all. But with a man it is not so; when a man loves, hopefully or hopelessly, happily or unhappily, be it but well, he shrinks from hearing others discuss the woman whose image is garnered up in his heart.

Thus, the only word Douglas spoke of Georgie, even to the mother whom he loved so tenderly, was to say, just at parting:

"Mother, you will try and be some comfort to Miss Hammond in all this trouble, I know?"

And his mother, her loving face raised to his for a farewell kiss, said:

"I will, Douglas."

Then he set off on his journey, and argued with himself on the way as to whether he had done wisely in not having named to Georgie—he sure he never thought of her as Miss Hammond—the fact of her father having spoken of "anxious letters," and seeming to be borne down by some burden of dread. "It may have been all the fancy of a sick man's

brain," he thought to himself as the train crawled out of the Collingford station; so he made himself comfortable in the carriage, lit a cigar, and thought to lay the ghosts that were haunting him; but the whole of the past month came before him like a long-continued picture, and the sound of the train whirling along took to keeping time to the rhythm of the "Beautiful Blue Danube."

This brought him to the conclusion that he had been hard and selfish that morning to Georgie in her trouble, and had not made sufficient allowance for her sorrow and her love for the father she held so dear.

And now, as I think he was right, and deserved to feel some little self-reproach, we will leave him to his meditations and return to Sheeling.

As one day followed another, Georgie devoted herself more and more closely, if that were possible, to the cares of the sick-room.

She watched, and feared, and hoped, and prayed, as women have done before, and will ever do, by the side of those they love; she read aloud to her father from his favourite books, and from the best Book of all; she carried some of his dried flowers up from the study, and, as he dictated to her, wrote long Latin names opposite each.

Every morning she looked into Dr. Babbiecomb's face, determined to drag the truth from him, and from her questioning eyes he had sometimes to turn away.

Yet he could say with a candid truth that Captain Hammond had rallied wonderfully, and was gaining strength; and would have gained more if it had not been for that terrible restlessness that it seemed impossible to overcome.

Impossible! Let Georgie do what she would, the invalid could never settle down quietly. First one thing and then another held his attention for a time, but not a ring came at the door, not a voice was heard below, that the same expression of dread and expectation did not come upon the worn pallid face.

"The brain is in a state of great nervous excitement," said the doctor, "and we must keep him perfectly quiet."

And Georgie did her best; no visitors were admitted to the sick-room save Mr. Featherdew, who, coming to the house of sorrow and the presence of suffering, seemed to have lost all diffidence and self-consciousness.

"He looked just as bold as brass, and as perky as the turkey-cock in our back-

yard!" said Mrs. Robinson, who had encountered him leaving Beach House as she was being refused admittance.

"My dear," said the long-suffering banker, "a clergyman, you know——"

"A fiddlestick!" cried his indignant spouse; and he dared not contradict her.

Each day the twins were allowed to come in and see papa, and, being duly cautioned by Nurse Hughes, sat cross-legged, like two little heathen gods, on the floor by his sofa, and were so quiet that they hardly seemed like the "love-birds" at all!

All this time Georgie was jealous for her father over her own thoughts; she held it a wrong to him to let any one rival him in her heart, even for a moment. She would not recognise the truth that she was conscious of some subtle sweetness being gone from her daily life; and if she had dared so much as to ask her own heart—

What is it makes thee beat so low?

she would not have ventured to listen to the answer:

Something it is which thou has lost!

Still less would she have acknowledged to herself that the clasp of a hand and the sound of a voice would have been the truest comfort in these dark days of anxiety and dread. Hitherto her father had been all in all, and Georgie's life had seemed perfect; and now, just as it seemed a terrible possibility that she might lose him, could she bear to place any other creature on a par with him?

So she tried not to think of Douglas Ainsleigh; she fought against the shy joy that came over her as her father spoke of his kindness and care that day upon the shore; she tried to think her heart did not echo the words: "I wish he had not been obliged to leave us!"

And Mrs. Ainsleigh never came.

Georgie hardly knew how much she had counted on seeing her until day after day passed, and no Fern Leigh carriage stopped at the green door in the wall.

She could not know that the very day after Douglas left Sheeling his mother was summoned to the death-bed of a relative—we never do know the simple explanation of the conduct of our friends when it would be of most advantage to us to do so; and Georgie could not tell that Fern Leigh was now delivered over to the housekeeper and her staff of servants, and that that potentate had instituted a searching and implacable house-cleaning, in order to make a good use of the mistress's absence; neither

could she tell that a kindly little note, left by Mrs. Ainsleigh to be sent to Beach House, had been despatched by an under-groom, and lost by that functionary on the way—an insignificant fact, which he thought it best to keep to himself.

So Georgie seemed to be "deserted by her grand friends," as Mrs. Robinson pleasantly put it.

"My darling," said Captain Hammond, one morning about a fortnight after his invalid life had begun, "how pale and wan you look! I feel so much better to-day—quite like my own old self, and I really must have you go for a turn on the shore. I can't have you lose all your roses in this way!" And he stroked the girl's cheek fondly.

"But we were going to read about that wonderful night-blowing cereus, you know, papa, this morning," she said, unwilling to leave him.

"She grows quite a botanist, I declare!" he said, smiling. "We shall have you wanting to be a Fellow of the Linnæan next! No, no, I won't allow any reading now. Go out, my dearie, and come back with some roses in your cheeks."

She knelt down beside him, and laid her soft cheek against his.

"If you could only come with me, dear!" she said fondly.

"Well, well," he answered her, "have patience, and perhaps it won't be long. If it weren't for those stairs I feel as if I could get out into the garden to-day. Wrap yourself up well," he added, as she left the room. "The days grow cold now."

Georgie went to her own room; and as she stood before the glass, and tied on her gipsy hat with its drooping feather, she heard a bell ring below, and then Nurse Hughes come up to the master's room, stay there an instant, and go on to the nursery. One moment more, and there was the sound of a heavy fall.

How Georgie reached her father she never knew; it seemed to her but an instant, and she was kneeling by him, and had laid his head upon her lap. She never realised how long she sat thus, tearless, wordless, motionless, her eyes fixed on the distorted features, the livid lips that opened only to utter inarticulate moanings; it seemed to her that all things round her were but the phantoms of a dream, and the first thing that broke the strange spell that was over her was the voice of Dr. Babbiecomb, whom someone had fetched in hot haste, and who bade

her, kindly but firmly, get up, and let them lay her father on his bed. When they raised the poor drooping head off her lap, then Georgie threw off the stupor of grief that had held her, and she saw that in one hand the stricken man clenched an open letter, and that the other hung helpless and dead by his side. Dr. Babbiecomb took the letter and gave it to her, and she glanced at the signature—"Bedingfield Harper." She saw the word "shares" repeated several times, but no sense of the purport of the letter made its way to her understanding. She did not know that what she held in her hand was the announcement of ruin—utter, irretrievable ruin—for her father, herself, and the poor little love-birds. If anyone had told her what the letter meant, it would have seemed as nothing to her with that still figure lying on the bed—that moaning cry in her ears.

As time went on, and no change took place—as the day grew to evening, the evening to night, the night to morning, and there was no change—still that awful death in life—Georgie's mind became filled with one unutterable dread—the fear that her father would die without recognising her.

"Will he never speak to me again?" she said to the doctor, when the third day had come and gone.

She spoke calmly enough; she shed no tears. After the first terrible shock she had never faltered—hardly left the bedside of the dying man.

Yes, dying—there was no doubt about that; the only uncertainty was, would the lamp give one last flicker ere it went out?

"He may rally a little, just before the end," said the doctor, trying to keep his voice steady, and failing considerably. "There has been some severe mental shock, coming upon an already enfeebled condition, and the brain is now in a state of—ahem!—inertia."

Then he went home to his wife, and told her of the brave girl, striving so hard to show a good courage in the hour of trial; and plenteous tears bedewed the countenance of the latest-arrived Babbiecomb baby as the doctor spoke.

"Shall I put on my things and go to her?" said the tender-hearted little woman, looking all limp with sympathy and pity.

But the doctor was wise in his generation, and knew that Georgie was better left alone to fight the battle with death.

The time when pity and tearful sympathy might bring comfort was not yet.

Ever since Captain Hammond's last seizure, the love-birds had been kept close prisoners in their cage, the nursery. They were strictly forbidden at any time to quit the precincts of that comfortable apartment, and no doubt fully intended to be most admirably conducted and obedient, had not opportunity, that terrible hand-maid of temptation, been too much for them.

It was late in the afternoon. Sister, tired out with weary nights and days, had gone to snatch an hour's rest, and Nurse Hughes had descended to the lower region on some domestic cares intent, after giving a look into the sick-room and assuring herself that her master was lying quite still and seemingly asleep.

As in Eden of old, so now, the idea of mischief originated in the feminine mind.

"I tink we's go and see poor papa," said Tricksey; and two minutes afterward the top of a golden head made itself visible by the sick man's bedside, and a tiny hand felt about till it touched his face.

Then, for the first time since the last blow had fallen on Captain Hammond, and frozen into lifelessness the senses of his mind and the powers of his body, he spoke.

"Is that you, my birdies?"

But oh, how dreadful to the children was the sound of that changed voice!

"Iss, we's here," said Tricksey.

Fear kept Jack silent; but he valiantly hoisted his sister up on to the bed, and then clambered up himself.

The poor little ones tried hard not to be frightened at the change in poor papa's face; but Jack longed to hide his own face in the curtains, and only a feeling that it would be cowardly to leave Tricksey in the lurch kept him from doing so.

"We's come," said Tricksey, drawing a long breath, in the struggle to keep from crying, "to bring 'oo out to see Dandy yunning."

But some subtle recognition of the true state of matters came over Tricksey; her mouth quivered, and she put her little hand upon the poor drawn face on the pillow, and cooed softly, like a dove: "Oh poor papa! oh dear papa!" while Jack sat huddled up in a bunch, his head resting on his knees, and two great frightened eyes fixed on his father's face.

"Why, what's this? what's this?" cried Dr. Babbiecomb, hurrying in for one of

his oft-repeated visits, and Sister's troubled face appeared behind him, and looked reproachfully at the two disobedient ones.

Jack's courage rose to the occasion.

"We wanted to see poor papa; we was tired of not seeing poor papa."

But Jack might have spared himself the trouble of excuses; Georgie heard not. She had met her father's eyes; she saw that he recognised her—that, if but for a moment, the veil of unconsciousness was raised. She flung herself upon her knees beside him; she kissed his face, his hands, that lay there too feeble to enfold his darling to his breast. She looked up to the doctor's face with eyes that seemed resolved to tear from him some faint assurance of hope. But, alas! to Captain Hammond, with knowledge, came the recollection of the blow that struck him down.

He saw his precious ones, his helpless children, about him, and returning memory cried out to him that they were ruined in his ruin—homeless, penniless in the world that he was so soon to leave. He was like the frost-bitten traveller in the Canadian forest, who feels nothing and knows nothing of what has befallen him while the icy frost holds him in his clutches; but with the return to life and warmth comes the agony that none can realise, save those who have seen the strong man faint, and cry, and quiver in its intensity of pain.

"Doctor," said the sick man, raising the one hand that yet retained some power and life, and speaking in that strange laboured voice so pitiful to hear, "can you do nothing for me? Not for myself, but for these—for these!" And he strove to draw Tricky nearer to him.

The doctor found no voice in which to answer this appeal. He turned away his face, and the silence and the gesture told all.

Then the room was filled with that dreadful sound which, when once we have heard, we pray that we may never hear again—the piteous weeping to which the sufferers from paralysis are so prone, and which is worse to the ear of those that love them than the sharpest cry of pain.

While Georgie tenderly bent over the agitated sufferer, and soothed him by loving words and fond caresses, Dr. Babbiecomb hurried the frightened children from the room.

As Nurse Hughes undressed the little ones that night, the wind howled and moaned and whistled round the house, and the hanging branches of the ivy tapped against the windows, as though they wanted to get in and shelter from the storm.

As the tide rose, the noise of the sea could be heard, like the distant murmur of some vast city.

"I can't abide to hear the wind blowing and keening like that," said Nurse Hughes to herself, as she left the nursery, when the children were safe and warm in their little beds. She stopped by the door of the sick-room, which was partly open, and listened to hear if all was quiet.

Silent enough; silent with the silence and awe that come upon us all when the Angel of Death hovers near. Nurse Hughes heard Mr. Featherdew's voice say: "Into thy hands, oh loving Saviour! we commend his spirit;" and then there came a low pitiful cry: "Papa! oh dear papa!"

"It weren't for nothing the wind keened so to-night," said Nurse Hughes, as she went quickly into the room where Captain Hammond lay dead, and the doctor held Georgie in his arms, looking almost as lifeless as the mortal who had but just "put on immortality."

On Monday, the 1st of July, will be published the

EXTRA SUMMER NUMBER

OF

ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

CONSISTING OF

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES

(The amount of Three Regular Numbers), stitched in a wrapper,

PRICE SIXPENCE,

AND CONTAINING COMPLETE STORIES BY

MISS BRADDON

AND OTHER POPULAR WRITERS.

On the conclusion, early in July, of *IS HE POPENJOY?* will be commenced,

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

BY

MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

ENTITLED,

ALL OR NOTHING.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.